



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

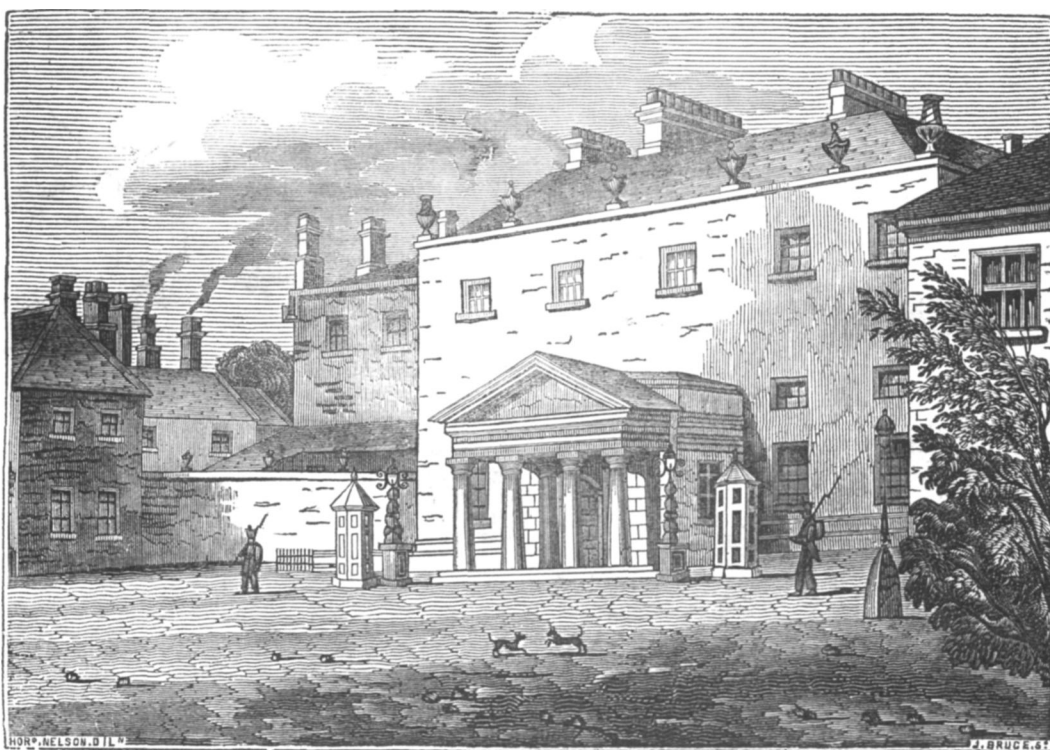
JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

THE PHOENIX PARK, DUBLIN.

Who that has ever set foot on Irish soil, but has heard of the "*Phoenix Park*," with its *fifteen acres of fighting ground*,* level as a bowling-green, and skirted on every side with groves of hawthorn, beneath whose sheltering shadows so many *honourable men* have, from time to time, drawn the trigger, and, in the twinkling of an eye, sent into eternity, unblessed and unforgiven, so many of their fellow-creatures, without even a moment granted them to call for mercy—to ask forgiveness of that great Being into whose presence they were about to be hurried. Seriously, of all the fashionable follies that, disgrace civilized society in the present day, the folly of *duelling* is the most monstrous. While we affect to condemn and deplore those evils which are the source of so much misery among the ignorant peasantry of the country—their faction fights and party quarrels—is it to be tolerated, that the higher orders shall, by their example, sanctioned by their "code of honour," falsely so called, furnish with an excuse for their conduct, those who are but too ready to imitate them in such inhuman proceedings? For, after all, is it not an inhuman thing, however it may be varnished with the name of honour, for an individual, what-

ever may be his rank in society, to take the life of his fellow-man, for some merely supposed injury, or want of etiquette in the common courtesies of life? And yet that such has been the causes of many a fatal duel, the annals of duelling can but too well testify. Nay, farther, is it not inhuman, for an individual who may never have injured another, to expose not only his own life, but the welfare of a family, who may be altogether dependent upon him, in order to meet the absurd rules of a barbarous and unchristian code, merely because such may be sanctioned by the opinion of persons calling themselves *honourable men*? To say that it is an atonement for crime, or an apology for error, merely to take an *equal chance of shooting*, or being *shot at*, would, under any other circumstance, be counted absurd and ridiculous. It is only long continued custom that can at all hide the absurdity from the view of any. Duelling, then, we consider not merely a *folly*, but a *crime*; and we trust that the day is not far distant, when such an unjust, unequal, and barbarous regulation, shall be for ever expunged from civilized society.

So much for the field of the fifteen acres, which, by an association of ideas, invariably brings with it thoughts of bloodshed and battery—of duelling and duellists.



GRAND ENTRANCE TO THE VICEREGAL LODGE.

Of the various drives for recreation and amusement round the city, next to Kingstown, the preference appears

* We have no doubt that our English readers must at times be disposed to question the reality of some of our sketches of Irish life—especially in those instances where descriptions of "fighting for fun" are introduced. The following simple statement of a transaction which took place some short time since in the Phoenix Park, must go a good length towards lessening their incredulity on the point referred to:—

"On Sunday evening, some thousands of countrymen assembled on the seven-acre field, opposite the Royal Infirmary in the Park. They consisted of two parties, from which champions were chosen to contend in wrestling, for the honour of their respective counties, Meath and Kildare. For some time the wrestlers were permitted to exhibit their skill in 'shinning and tripping,' and no tendency to a general conflict was evinced until about seven o'clock. At this juncture, a Meath man, who keeps a public-house in Smithfield, interrupted a 'match,' declaring that his countryman had not met with fair play from his antagonist. The publican was knocked down, and this became a signal for a general fight. Shillelaghs, which up to this period had

to be given to the Park. A distinguished writer* observes, that "viewing all the particulars which should distinguish a place set apart for public recreation, the Phoenix Park, on the whole, would not suffer on comparison with any other in Europe. It is, like Hyde Park, most conveniently situated at one extremity of the town; and, if the latter

been concealed under frieze coats, were now drawn forth, and a furious attack was commenced by one party against the other. For five or six minutes the belligerents fought, and broken heads were given and received, without any churlish disposition being evinced by either party of sneaking off without returning freely quite as much as they got. At length the Kildare boys took to their heels, and were pursued by the victors to the Park wall, where the fugitives crossed into the Conyngham-road. Great numbers were severely cut and bruised, and many left lying on the field of battle. But it is strange that not a single man came forward on Monday to the Police Office, to take criminal proceedings against another, though many knew perfectly well by whom they had been beaten."

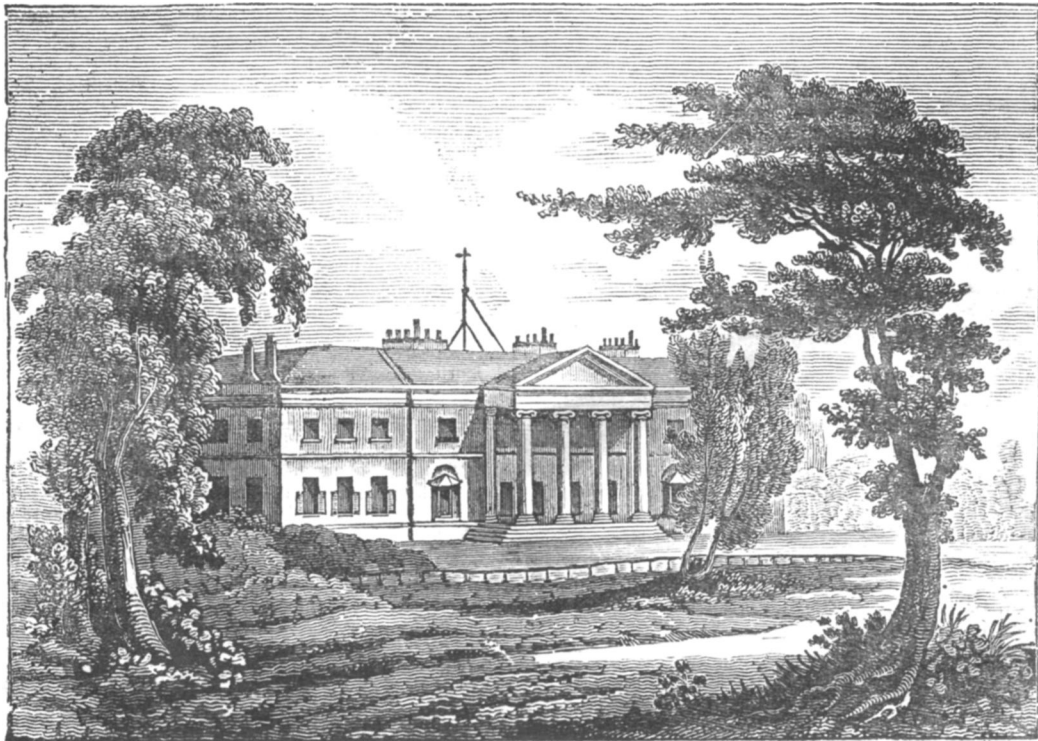
* Dr. Walsh.

be laid out in a neater manner and more trimly dressed, with nicely gravelled walks better suited to pedestrians; if it even boast a finer piece of water, in what is miscalled the Serpentine River;—yet, in extent, in variety of grounds, and in grandeur of prospects, the other indisputably possesses a decided superiority.

"In 1776, the Phoenix Park was surveyed by Bernard Scale, when its extent and dimensions were found to be as follow:—From the Dublin gate by the Magazine and Hibernian School to Knockmaroon gate, two miles and sixty-six perches. From the Dublin gate by the Phoenix Column to Castleknock gate, two miles and thirty perches. From the Dublin gate by the rere of the Viceregal Lodge to Castleknock gate, two miles one quarter and twenty-seven perches; and from Castleknock gate to Knockmaroon gate, half a mile and fifty-four perches. Its contents were found to be 1086 acres, Irish plantation measure; or 1759 acres and twenty-two perches, English statute measure; contained in a circumference of five and a half Irish, or seven English miles.

"It may readily be conceived, that so extensive a demesne must comprise a variety of situations and scenery. In fact, the ground is very unequal, producing an undulating surface of hill and dale, agreeably diversified with wood and water. The exterior views from the Park are grand and beautiful. In the fore-ground the river Liffey

meanders through rich meadows, until it flows beneath the magnificent arch of Sarah's-bridge. The city itself terminates the horizon on the east. In front is a rich landscape highly embellished with country seats, through which the Grand Canal passes, marked in its course by fine rows of elms; and beyond all, the soft contour of the Wicklow mountains forms a suitable frame to the picture. Within the Park are several picturesque and romantic spots, forming very delightful and retired walks; some of these are skirted with groves of hawthorn of large and venerable growth; these trees clothe the sides of glens, which are intersected by paths that lead to 'alleys green, dingle, and bushy dell, in the wild wood,' strongly contrasted with the regularity of the other plantations. In spring, the beauty of these spots is much heightened by the rich blow of hawthorn blossoms which cover the trees, and load the air with their fragrance. Among these woods, there is but one open level space that can be properly termed a plain; this is called the *Fifteen Acres*, (already alluded to,) and here the troops in garrison are exercised. The Park is not destitute of water, though the magnitude of the space it occupies bears no proportion to the extent of the place. There were formerly three lakes, one of which has been some years ago drained, and its place occupied by an extensive plantation; the others still remain, forming fine objects in the approach to the Viceregal Lodge.



RERE ENTRANCE TO THE VICEREGAL LODGE.

The principal entrance to the Park, which is seven miles in circumference, is through a grand ornamental gate, situated a short distance from the King's-bridge on the Liffey, on the Dublin side.

On entering the Park in this direction, the objects which first attract the attention are, the Royal Military Hospital, standing a little off the main road on the right hand side, and the Wellington Testimonial, a little to the left. Of these we purpose giving a description and drawings in future numbers. A short way further on, are the Gardens of the Zoological Society, of which we gave some account in our last and preceding volumes, and to which we intend returning in an early number. A little distance from the Gardens stands the Viceregal Lodge—the rere facing the main road through the Park, and to the front of which the road immediately skirting the lake conducts. Of both front and rere a correct representation will be found in the engravings annexed.

The Viceregal Lodge was originally built by Mr. Cle-

ments, from whom it was purchased. It was a plain structure of brick. In 1802 Lord Hardwicke made the first important improvement, by adding the wings, in one of which is the great dining-hall. In 1808, the Duke of Richmond added the north portico, a structure of the Doric order, and the lodges by which the demesne is entered on the side of Dublin. But the most striking addition to the building is the north front, added by Lord Whitworth. This is ornamented with a pediment supported by four Ionic pillars of Portland stone, from a design of Johnson's. The whole façade has been made to correspond with this portico, and it now stands a fair architectural ornament in the Park.

"The Phoenix Park derives its name and origin from a manor-house, on whose site the present Powder Magazine was erected in 1738. The manor was called in the Irish vernacular tongue *Fionn-uisge*, pronounced *Finniské*, which signifies clear or fair water, and which, articulated in the brief English manner, exactly resembled the word *Phoenix*;

at length the Park became known, even at an early period, by no other appellation. The spring or well so called, still exists. It is situated in a glen, beside the lower lake, near the grand entrance into the Viceregal Lodge, and has been much frequented from time immemorial for the supposed salubrity of its waters. It is a strong chalybeate. It remained, however, in a rude and exposed state till the year 1800, when, in consequence of some supposed cures it had effected, it immediately acquired celebrity, and was much frequented. About five years after it was enclosed, and is now among the romantic objects of the Park. It is approached by a gradual descent through a planted avenue. The spa is covered by a small structure of Portland stone, on which sits a colossal eagle, as the emblem of longevity. This appropriate ornament was erected by Lord Whitworth. Behind the spring, under the brow of the hill, is a rustic dome, with seats round it for the accommodation of those who frequent the spa; in the back of which is an entablature with the following inscription:—

This seat,
Given by her Grace,
CHARLOTTE, DUCHESS OF RICHMOND,
For the Health and Comfort
Of the Inhabitants
Of Dublin. — August 19, 1813.

The Duke of Richmond and Lord Whitworth used this spa with much benefit, and their example has been followed by the citizens of Dublin.

The powder magazine was erected in 1758. It is a regular square fort, with demi-bastions at the angles, a dry ditch, and draw bridge; in the centre are the magazines for ammunition, well secured against accidental fire, and bomb proof, in evidence of which no casualty has happened since their construction. The fort occupies two acres and thirty-three perches of ground, and is fortified by ten twenty-four pounders; as a further security, and to contain barracks for troops, which before were drawn from Chapelizod, an additional triangular work was constructed in 1801.

At no great distance from the battery, stands the Hibernian School, a drawing of which we shall probably give in some future number with a particular description.

PAUL GUINAN; OR THE ASH POLE.

While putting over me one of those silent circuits which, it would appear, fate has ordained that all young barristers, be they good or bad, must perform, like a quarantine, before they can hope to set foot on that "terra grata," *practice*—I was deeply grieved when, sitting in the court of my native county, I heard the name of Paul Guinan called to the bar; and on his countenance, so well known to me in boyish days, appearing above that dreadful locality, listened to the arraignment, charging him with no less a crime than murder. The usual plea of not guilty—with which, from my former opinion of the man, I heartily concurred—being put in, the trial proceeded; and then circumstances were brought to light, so confirmatory of the charge, that even I could not entertain a reasonable doubt of the guilt of the prisoner—nor did the jury: and in a few moments every eye was turned on him—a being, living and moving, yet having no heritage in life, or link with living thing—within the confines of the certain grasp of death, and yet possessed of every healthful faculty that would seem to ensure to another a lengthened existence. He stood between the living and the dead—part of both, and all of neither. On my return home, in about three weeks after, with my curiosity and feelings on the subject still fresh, I made some inquiries regarding the steps by which a man of such unblemished and amiable character which Guinan at one time really possessed, could have reached such a height in crime; and was answered by details, serving well to illustrate the position, that most, if not all, of our temporal ills spring from some trifling aberration in the beginning, and that, perhaps, rather springing from carelessness and confidence, than actual depravity.

The father of Paul Guinan was a comfortable farmer, and had struggled long and well to live independent of his neighbours, and ultimately leave his only child, at least, not an outcast; but was called away before he could achieve that purpose, and while Paul was little better than a mere

boy, leaving him and his widow with little more than a roof to cover them and an honest name. Paul, like the generality of our countrymen, was eminently possessed of a warm and sensitive heart; and when his dying father, after the last offices of religion, caught his hand, and endeavoured to say, "Paul, avick machree, don't be frettin', but whin I'm gone look to your poor mother, an' strive to keep the wind off her back. I'm lavin' ye poor, God help ye, an' look over ye; but, Paul avick, struggle honestly, an' ye'll have a blessin'," the heart of the poor boy rose to his throat in a convulsive sob; and he resolved within himself never to do any thing without first thinking, if his father was by, what would he think of it. With a pride, unjustifiable except by custom, a great portion of the scanty resources were lavished in the usual manner of paying an empty honour to the dead, at the expense of the already bereaved family: and poor Paul had, within the next year, many an opportunity of practising his promised reference to his dead father; but, according to the widow's account, "the great God, that took away the right hand, spared the left for her, an' made it a'most as strong; and shure, why should she fret, while she had such a bird as Paul in the nest, might heaven be his watch for ever an' ever;" and, indeed, if every body's word is to be believed, he in every respect deserved the encomium. As time passed on, however, the enthusiasm which had so long kept him uncontaminated began to yield to its influence, and ill-will at length found something to talk of even in Paul, on the score of company keeping, and that not of the most select description for a boy in his situation, it being, as the fool of the parish expressed it, "plaguey hard intirely, to dance all night, an' dhrink all day, an' make out a day's work after."

The second winter after old Guinan's death, Paul was stretched along some stools by the fire-side nursing a fit of laziness, and occasionally breaking to pieces, with a stick he held in his hand, every piece of coal within his reach, until having scattered one farther than the rest, some of it fell among a heap of tow, which his mother was silently, and no doubt sorrowfully, carding opposite him; the exertion of quenching the inflammable material, and sweeping in the fire, roused both from their silence, which was first broken by the old woman observing,

"Why then, Paul, what's come over ye, and you havin' yer brogues to mend, an' twenty things to do?"

"Augh, mother, I dunna—shure I can mend them to-morrow."

"Tom Maher came home from the town to-day, an' he says the wheat got a rise of two or three shillings; maybe, if ye don't make haste an' thrash it, 'twill fall before ye're ready."

"Well, mother, sorra a bit o' me, but I'll set about it to-morrow."

"But the *boulteen* of your flail is broken, so git up an' thry an' mend it."

"Och, ay, shure enough; but where 'ud I get a new one this time o' night. Well, mother, I'm blest, but if you give me six-pence, I'll go wid the day-dawn over to the wood an' buy an ash-pole, an' then I'll have the makins of all I want, the spade-handle, an' scythe-stick, an' boulteen; an' shure, any how, to-morrow 'ud be Saturday."

The six-pence was accordingly got, and the poor woman, rejoiced at having thus wakened him out of a lethargy with which she had been some time combating, recommended retirement for the night, which was at once acceded to by Paul.

Next morning the birds were scarce stirring before Paul; and with his mind full of good resolutions, he set forward on his journey, calculating, as he went on, how much he might spend next market-day on the strength of the rise in his wheat; and at length determining, as many do without being a whit the richer for it, that all should be laid by for the rainy day. The journey was soon over, but Paul had to rest himself; and sitting down on the ditch by the roadside, he began watching the woodcutters, until a voice from the road recalled him to his senses. It proceeded from a low, light, merry-looking man, dressed in a frieze *colanore*, who, with an air of half recognition, bade him good-morrow.

"Good-morrow kindly," answered Paul. "I'm thinkin'